

CANDOUR

*The British
Views - Letter*

To defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance

Volume 70. Numbers 2 & 3.

Feb/Mar 1997.

The Truth Made *Him* Free



Above: Whittaker Chambers testifies at the August 25, 1948, public encounter arranged by the House Committee on Un-American Activities while Hiss (upper left) strains to hear his accuser.

In the January, 1997, issue of *Candour* we commented the death of Alger Hiss ("TRAVESTY IN THE HISS-TORY"). We were not the only ones to draw the same conclusion.

Peter Simple in a *Daily Telegraph* column last November noted;

"The death of Alger Hiss has left one important article of Leftist faith intact: that in spite of conclusive proof of his guilt, he did not spy for the Soviet Union. Mrs Dutt-Puaker, the Hampstead thinker, used to say that, even if Hiss himself told her that he was guilty, she still would not believe it.

One effect of this steadfast belief in truth is that *Witness*, the great, mad book of warning by his accuser Whittaker Chambers, which reveals in fascinating detail the workings of an underground Communist cell, seems to be out of print in England and is probably likely to remain so.

Yet of this book, as of few books, it really can be said: everybody should read it."

Amen to that. Fortunately we have a copy in the *Candour* Library, thanks to the generosity of a subscriber who responded to one of our Library Appeals, and here follows an introduction to *Witness*, by Whittaker Chambers.

FOREWORD IN THE FORM OF A LETTER TO MY CHILDREN

Beloved Children,

I am sitting in the kitchen of the little house at Medfield, our second farm which is cut off by the ridge and a quarter-mile across the fields from our home place, where you are. I am writing a book. In it I am speaking to you. But I am also speaking to the world. To both I owe an accounting.

It is a terrible book. It is terrible in what it tells about men. If anything, it is more terrible in what it tells about the world in which you live. It is about what the world calls the Hiss-Chambers Case, or even more simply, the Hiss Case. It is about a spy case. All the props of an espionage case are there - foreign agents, household traitors, stolen documents, microfilm, furtive meetings, secret hideaways, phoney names, an informer, investigations, trials, official justice.

But if the Hiss Case were only this, it would not be worth my writing about or your reading about. It would be another fat folder in the sad files of the police, another crime drama in which the props would be mistaken for the play (as

many people have consistently mistaken them). It would not be what alone gave it meaning, what the mass of men and women instinctively sensed it to be, often without quite knowing why. It would not be what, at the very beginning, I was moved to call it: "a tragedy of history."

For it was more than human tragedy. Much more than Alger Hiss or Whittaker Chambers was on trial in the trials of Alger Hiss. Two faiths were on trial. Human societies, like human beings, live by faith and die when faith dies. At issue in the Hiss Case was the question whether this sick society, which we call Western civilisation, could in its extremity still cast up a man whose faith in it was so great that he would voluntarily abandon those things which men hold good, including life, to defend it. At issue was the question whether this man's faith could prevail against a man whose equal faith it was that this society is sick beyond saving, and that mercy itself pleads for its swift extinction and replacement by another. At issue was the question whether, in the desperately divided society, there still remained the will to reorganise the issues in time to offset the immense rally of public power to distort and pervert the facts.

At heart, the Great Case was this critical conflict of faiths; that is why it was a great case. On a scale personal enough to be felt by all, but big enough to be symbolic, the two irreconcilable faiths of our time - Communism and Freedom - came to grips in the persons of two conscious and resolute men. Indeed, it would have been hard, in a world still only dimly aware of what the conflict is about, to find two other men who knew so clearly. Both had been schooled in the same view of history (the Marxist view). Both were trained by the same party in the same selfless, semisoldierly discipline. Neither would nor could yield without betraying, not himself, but his faith; and the different character of these faiths was shown by the different conduct of the two men toward each other throughout the struggle. For, with dark certitude, both knew, almost from the beginning, that the Great Case could end only in the destruction of one or both of the contending figures, just as the history of our times (both men had been taught) can end only in the destruction of one or both of the contending forces.

But this destruction is not the tragedy. The nature of tragedy is itself misunderstood. Part of the world supposes that the tragedy in the Hiss Case lies in the acts of disloyalty revealed. Part believes that the tragedy lies in the fact that an able, intelligent man, Alger Hiss, was cut short in the course of a brilliant public career. Some find it tragic that Whittaker Chambers, of his own will, gave up a \$30,000-a-year job and a secure future to haunt for the rest of his days the ruins of his life. These are shocking facts, criminal facts, disturbing facts: they are not tragic.

Crime, violence, infamy are not tragedy. Tragedy occurs when a human soul awakes and seeks, in suffering and pain, to free itself from crime, violence, infamy, even at the cost of life. The struggle is the tragedy - not defeat or death. That is why the spectacle of tragedy has always filled men, not with despair, but with a sense of hope and exaltation. That is why this terrible book is also a book of hope. For it is about the struggle of the human soul - of more than one human soul. It is in this sense that the Hiss Case is a tragedy. This is its meaning beyond the headlines, the revelations, the shame and suffering of the people involved. But this tragedy will have been for nothing unless men understand it rightly, and from it the world takes hope and heart to begin its own tragic struggle with the evil that besets it from within and

from without, unless it faces the fact that the world, the whole world, is sick unto death and that, among other things, this Case has turned a finger of fierce light into the suddenly opened and reeking body of our time.

My children, as long as you live, the shadow of the Hiss Case will brush you. In every pair of eyes that rests on you, you will see pass, like a cloud passing behind a wood in winter, the memory of your father - dissembled in friendly eyes, lurking in unfriendly eyes. Sometimes you will wonder which is harder to bear: friendly forgiveness or forthright hate. In time, therefore, when the sum of your experience of life gives you authority, you will ask yourselves the question: What was my father?

I will give you an answer: I was a witness. I do not mean a witness for the Government or against Alger Hiss and the others. Nor do I mean the short, squat, solitary figure, trudging through the impersonal halls of public buildings to testify before Congressional committees, grand juries, loyalty boards, courts of law. A man is not primarily a witness *against* something. That is only incidental to the fact that he is a witness *for* something. A witness, in the sense that I am using the word, is a man whose life and faith are so completely one that when the challenge comes to step out and testify for his faith, he does so, disregarding all risks, accepting all consequences.

One day in the great jury room of the Grand Jury of the Southern District of New York, a juror leaned forward slightly and asked me: "Mr. Chambers, what does it mean to be a Communist?" I hesitated for a moment, trying to find the simplest, most direct way to convey the heart of this complex experience to men and women to whom the very fact of the experience was all but incomprehensible. Then I said:

"When I was a Communist, I had three heroes. One was a Russian. One was a Pole. One was a German Jew.

"The Pole was Felix Djerjinsky. He was ascetic, highly sensitive, intelligent. He was a Communist. After the Russian Revolution, he became head of the Tcheka and organiser of the Red Terror. As a young man, Djerjinsky had been a political prisoner in the Pawiak Prison in Warsaw. There he insisted on being given the task of cleansing the latrines of the other prisoners. For he held that the most developed member of any community must take upon himself the lowliest tasks as an example to those who are less developed. That is one thing that it meant to be a Communist.

"The German Jew was Eugene Levine. He was a Communist. During the Bavarian Soviet Republic in 1919, Levine was the organizer of the Workers and Soldiers Soviets. When the Bavarian Soviet Republic was crushed, Levine was captured and court-martialed. The court-martial told him: 'You are under sentence of death.' Levine answered: 'We Communists are always under sentence of death.' That is another thing that it meant to be a Communist.

"The Russian was not a Communist. He was a pre-Communist revolutionist named Kalyaev. (I should have said Sazonov.) He was arrested for a minor part in the assassination of the Tsarist prime minister, von Plehve. He was sent into Siberian exile to one of the worst prison camps, where the political prisoners were flogged. Kalyaev sought some way to protest this outrage to the world. The means were few, but at last he found a way. In protest against the flogging of other men, Kalyaev drenched himself in kerosene, set himself on fire and burned himself to death. That also is what it meant to be a Communist."

That also is what it means to be a witness.

But a man may also be an involuntary witness. I do not know any way to explain why God's grace touches a man who seems unworthy of it. But neither do I know any other way to explain how a man like myself - tarnished by life, unprepossessing, not brave - could prevail so far against the powers of the world arrayed almost solidly against him, to destroy him and defeat his truth. In this sense, I am an involuntary witness to God's grace and to the fortifying power of faith.

It was my fate to be in turn a witness to each of the two great faiths of our time. And so we come to the terrible word, Communism. My very dear children, nothing in all these pages will be written so much for you, though it is so unlike anything you would want to read. In nothing shall I be so much a witness, in no way am I so much called upon to fulfill my task, as in trying to make clear to you (and to the world) the true nature of Communism and the source of its power, which was the cause of my ordeal as a man, and remains the historic ordeal of the world in the 20th Century. For in this country, within the next decades, will be decided for generations whether all mankind is to become Communist, whether the whole world is to become free, or whether, in the struggle, civilisation as we know it is to be completely destroyed or completely changed. It is our fate to live upon that turning point in history.

The world has reached that turning point by the steep stages of a crisis mounting for generations. The turning point is the next to last step. It was reached in blood, sweat, tears, havoc and death in World War II. The chief fruit of the First World War was the Russian Revolution and the rise of Communism as a national power. The chief fruit of the Second World War was our arrival at the next step of the crisis with the rise of Communism as a world power. History is likely to say that these were the only decisive results of the world wars.

The last war simplified the balance of political forces in the world by reducing them to two. For the first time, it made the power of the Communist sector of mankind (embodied in the Soviet Union) roughly equal to the power of the free sector of mankind (embodied in the United States). It made the collision of these powers all but inevitable. For the world wars did not end the crisis. They raised its tensions to a new pitch. They raised the crisis to a new stage. All the politics of our time, including the politics of war, will be the politics of this crisis.

Few men are so dull that they do not know that the crisis exists and that it threatens their lives at every point. It is popular to call it a social crisis. It is in fact a total crisis - religious, moral, intellectual, social political, economic. It is popular to call it a crisis of the Western world. It is in fact a crisis of the whole world. Communism, which claims to be a solution of the crisis, is itself a symptom and an irritant of the crisis.

In part, the crisis results from the impact of science and technology upon mankind which, neither socially nor morally, has caught up with the problems posed by that impact. In part, it is caused by men's efforts to solve those problems. World wars are the military expression of the crisis. World-wide depressions are its economic expression. Universal desperation is its spiritual climate. This is the climate of Communism. Communism in our time can no more be considered apart from the crisis than a fever can be acted upon apart from an infected body.

I see in Communism the focus of the concentrated evil of our time. You will ask: Why, then, do men become Communists? How will it happen that you, our gentle and loved father, were once a Communist? Were you simply stupid? No, I was not stupid. Were you morally depraved? No, I was not morally depraved. Indeed, educated men became Communists chiefly for moral reasons. Did you not know that the crimes and horrors of Communism are inherent in Communism? Yes, I knew that fact. Then why did you become a Communist? It would help more to ask: How did it happen that this movement, once a mere muttering of political outcasts, became this immense force that now contests the mastery of mankind? Even when all the chances and mistakes of history are allowed for, the answer must be: Communism makes some profound appeal to the human mind. You will not find out what it is by calling Communism names. That will not help much to explain why Communism whose horrors, on a scale unparalleled in history, are now public knowledge, still recruits its thousands and holds its millions - among them some of the best minds alive. Look at Klaus Fuchs, standing in the London dock, quiet, doomed, destroyed, and say whether it is possible to answer in that way the simple question: Why?

First, let me try to say what Communism is not. It is not simply a vicious plot hatched by wicked men in a sub-cellar. It is not just the writings of Marx and Lenin, dialectical materialism, the Politburo, the labor theory of value, the theory of the general strike, the Red Army, secret police, labor camps, underground conspiracy, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the technique of the coup d'etat. It is not even those chanting, bannered millions that stream periodically, like disorganized armies, through the heart of the world's capitals: Moscow, New York, Tokyo, Paris, Rome. These are expressions of Communism, but they are not what Communism is about.

In the Hiss trials, where Communism was a haunting specter, but which did little or nothing to explain Communism, Communists were assumed to be criminals, pariahs, clandestine men who lead double lives under false names, travel on false passports, deny traditional religion, morality, the sanctity of oaths, preach violence and practice treason. These things are true about Communists, but they are not what Communism is about.

The revolutionary heart of Communism is not the theatrical appeal: "Workers of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain." It is a simple statement of Karl Marx, further simplified for handy use: "Philosophers have explained the world: it is necessary to change the world." Communists are bound together by no secret oath. The tie that binds them across the frontiers of nations, across barriers of language and differences of class and education, in defiance of religion, morality, truth, law, honor, the weakness of the body and the irresolutions of the mind even unto death, is a simple conviction: It is necessary to change the world. Their power, whose nature baffles the rest of the world, because in a large measure the rest of the world has lost that power, is the power to hold convictions and to act on them. It is the same power that moves mountains; it is also an unfailing power to move men. Communists are that part of mankind which has recovered the power to live or die - to bear witness - for its faith. And it is a simple, rational faith that inspires men to live or die for it.

It is not new. It is, in fact, man's second oldest faith. Its promise was whispered in the first days of the Creation under the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil: "Ye shall be as gods." It is the great alternative faith of mankind. Like all great faiths, its force derives from a simple vision. Other ages have had great visions. They have always been different versions of the same vision: the vision of God and man's relationship to God. The Communist vision is the vision of Man without God.

It is the vision of man's mind displacing God as the creative intelligence of the world. It is the vision of man's liberated mind, by the sole force of its rational intelligence, redirecting man's destiny and reorganizing man's life and the world. It is the vision of man, once more the central figure of the Creation, not because God made man in His image, but because man's mind makes him the most intelligent of the animals. Copernicus and his successors displaced man as the central fact of the universe by proving that the earth was not the central star in the universe. Communism restores man to his sovereignty by the simple method of denying God.

The vision is a challenge and implies a threat. It challenges man to prove by his acts that he is the masterwork of the Creation - by making thought and act one. It challenges him to prove it by using the force of his rational mind to end the bloody meaningless of man's history - by giving it purpose and a plan. It challenges him to prove it by reducing the meaningless chaos of nature, by imposing upon it his rational will to order, abundance, security, peace. It is the vision of materialism. But it threatens, if man's mind is unequal to the problems of man's progress, that he will sink back into savagery (the A and the H bombs have raised the issue in explosive forms), until nature replaces him with a more intelligent form of life.

It is an intensely practical vision. The tools to turn it into reality are at hand - science and technology, whose traditional method, the rigorous exclusion of all supernatural factors in solving problems, has contributed to the intellectual climate in which the vision flourishes, just as they have contributed to the crisis in which Communism thrives. For the vision is shared by millions who are not Communists (they are part of Communism's secret strength). Its first commandment is found, not in the *Communist Manifesto*, but in the first sentence of the physics primer: "All of the progress of mankind to date results from the taking of careful measurements." But Communism, for the first time in history, has made this vision the faith of a great modern political movement.

Hence the Communist Party is quite justified in calling itself the most revolutionary party in history. It has posed in practical form the most revolutionary question in history: God or Man? It has taken the logical next step which three hundred years of rationalism hesitated to take, and said what millions of modern minds think, but do not dare or care to say: If man's mind is the decisive force in the world, what need is there for God? Henceforth man's mind is man's fate.

This vision is the Communist revolution, which, like all great revolutions, occurs in man's mind before it takes form in man's acts. Insurrection and conspiracy are merely methods of realizing the vision; they are merely part of the politics of Communism. Without its vision, they, like Communism, would have no meaning and could not rally a parcel of pickpockets. Communism does not summon men to crime or to utopia, as its easy critics like to think. On the plane of faith, it summons mankind to turn its vision into

practical reality. On the plane of action, it summons men to struggle against the inertia of the past which, embodied in social, political and economic forms, Communism claims, is blocking the will of mankind to make its next great forward stride. It summons men to overcome the crisis, which, Communism claims, is in effect a crisis of rending frustration, with the world, unable to stand still, but unwilling to go forward along the road that the logic of a technological civilization points out - Communism.

This is Communism's moral sanction, which is twofold. Its vision points the way to the future; its faith labors to turn the future into present reality. It says to every man who joins it: the vision is a practical problem of history; the way to achieve it is a practical problem of politics, which is the present tense of history. Have you the moral strength to take upon yourself the crimes of history so that man at last may close his chronicle of age-old, senseless suffering, and replace it with purpose and a plan? The answer a man makes to this question is the difference between the Communist and those miscellaneous socialists, liberals, fellow travelers, unclassified progressives and men of good will, all of whom share a similar vision, but do not share the faith because they will not take upon themselves the penalties of the faith. The answer is the root of that sense of moral superiority which makes Communists, though caught in crime, berate their opponents with withering self-righteousness.

The Communist vision has a mighty agitator and a mighty propagandist. They are the crisis. The agitator needs no soap box. It speaks insistently to the human mind at the point where desperation lurks. The propagandist writes no Communist gibberish. It speaks insistently to the human mind at the point where man's hope and man's energy fuse to fierceness.

The vision inspires. The crisis impels. The workingman is chiefly moved by the crisis. The educated man is chiefly moved by the vision. The workingman, living upon a mean margin of life, can afford few visions - even practical visions. An educated man, peering from the Harvard Yard, or any college campus, upon a world in chaos, finds in the vision the two certainties for which the mind of man tirelessly seeks: a reason to live and a reason to die. No other faith of our time presents them with the same practical intensity. That is why Communism is the central experience of the first half of the 20th century, and may be its final experience - will be, unless the free world, in the agony of its struggle with Communism, overcomes its crisis by discovering, in suffering and pain, a power of faith which will provide man's mind, at the same intensity, with the same two certainties: a reason to live and a reason to die. If it fails, this will be the century of the great social wars. If it succeeds, this will be the century of the great wars of faith.

You will ask: Why, then, do men cease to be Communists? One answer is: Very few do. Thirty years after the Russian Revolution, after the known atrocities, the purges, the revelations, the jolting zigzags of Communist politics, there is only a handful of ex-Communists in the whole world. By ex-Communists I do not mean those who break with Communism over differences of strategy and tactics (like Trotsky) or organisation (like Tito). Those are merely quarrels over a road map by people all of whom are in a hurry to get to the same place.

Nor, by ex-Communists, do I mean those thousands who continually drift into the Communist Party and out again. The turnover is vast. These are the spiritual vagrants

of our time whose traditional faith has been leached out of the bland climate of rationalism. They are looking for an intellectual night's lodging. They lack the character for any faith. So they drop away, though Communism keeps its hold on them.

By an ex-Communist, I mean a man who knew clearly why he became a Communist, who served Communism devotedly and knew why he served it, who broke with Communism unconditionally and knew why he broke with it. Of these there are very few - an index to the power of the vision and the power of the crisis.

History very largely fixes the patterns of force that make men Communists. Hence one Communist conversion sounds much like another - rather impersonal and repetitious, awesome and tiresome, like long lines of similar people all stolidly waiting to get in to see the same movie. A man's break with Communism is intensely personal. Hence the account of no two breaks is likely to be the same. The reasons that make one Communist break may seem without force to another ex-Communist.

It is a fact that a man can join the Communist Party, can be very active in it for years, without completely understanding the nature of Communism or the political methods that follow inevitably from its vision. One day such incomplete Communists discover that the Communist Party is not what they thought it was. They break with it and turn on it with the rage of an honest dupe, a dupe who has given a part of his life to a swindle. Often they forget that it takes two to make a swindle.

Others remain Communists for years, warmed by the light of its vision, firmly closing their eyes to the crimes and horrors inseparable from its practical politics. One day they have to face the facts. They are appalled at what they have abetted. They spend the rest of their days trying to explain, usually without great success, the dark clue to their complicity. As their understanding of Communism was incomplete and led them to a dead end, their understanding of breaking with it is incomplete and leads them to a dead end. It leads to less than Communism, which was a vision and a faith. The world outside Communism, the world in crisis, lacks a vision and a faith. There is before these ex-Communists absolutely nothing. Behind them is a threat. For they have, in fact, broken not with the vision, but with the politics of the vision. In the name of reason and intelligence, the vision keeps them firmly in its grip - self-divided, paralyzed, powerless to act against it.

Hence the most secret fold of their minds is haunted by a terrifying thought: What if we were wrong? What if our inconstancy is our guilt? That is the fate of those who break without knowing clearly that Communism is wrong because something else is right, because of the challenge: *God or Man?*, they continue to give the answer: *Man*. Their pathos is that not even the Communist ordeal could teach them that man without God is just what Communism said he was: the most intelligent of the animals, that man without God is a beast, never more beastly than when he is most intelligent about his beastliness. "*Er nennt's Vernunft*," says the Devil in Goethe's *Faust*, "*und braucht's allien, nur tierischer als jedes Tier zu sein*" - Man calls it reason and uses it simply to be more beastly than any beast. Not grasping the source of the evil they sincerely hate, such ex-Communists in general make ineffectual witnesses against it. They are witnesses against something; they have ceased to be witnesses for anything.

Yet there is one experience which most sincere ex-Communists share, whether they go only part of the way to the end of the question it poses. The daughter of a former German diplomat in Moscow was trying to explain to me why her father, who, as an enlightened modern man, had been extremely pro-Communist, had become an implacable anti-Communist. It was hard for her because, as an enlightened modern girl, she shared the Communist vision without being a Communist. But she loved her father and the irrationality of his defection embarrassed her. "He was immensely pro-Soviet," she said, "and then - you will laugh at me - but you must not laugh at my father - and then - one night - in Moscow - he heard screams. That's all. Simply one night he heard screams."

A child of Reason and the 20th century, she knew that there is a logic of the mind. She did not know that the soul has a logic that may be more compelling than the mind's. She did not know at all that she had swept away the logic of the mind, the logic of history, the logic of politics, the myth of the 20th century, with five annihilating words: one night he heard screams.

What Communist has not heard those screams? They come from husbands torn forever from their wives in midnight arrests. They come, muffled, from the execution cellars of the secret police, from the torture chambers of the Lubianka, from all the citadels of terror now stretching from Berlin to Canton. They come from those freight cars loaded with men, women and children, the enemies of the Communist State, locked in, packed in, left in remote sidings to freeze to death at night in the Russian winter. They come from minds driven mad by the horrors of mass starvation ordered and enforced as a policy of the Communist State. They come from the starved skeletons, worked to death, or flogged to death (as an example to others) in the freezing filth of sub-arctic labor camps. They come from children whose parents are suddenly, inexplicably, taken away from them - parents they will never see again.

What Communist has not heard those screams? Execution, says the Communist code, is the highest measure of social protection. What man can call himself a Communist who has not accepted the fact that Terror is an instrument of policy, right if the vision is right, justified by history, enjoined by the balance of forces in the social wars of this century? Those screams have reached every Communist's mind. Usually they stop there. What judge willingly dwells upon the man the laws compel him to condemn to death - the laws of nations or the laws of history?

But one day the Communist really hears those screams. He is going about his routine party tasks. He is lifting a dripping reel of microfilm from a developing tank. He is justifying to a Communist fraction in a trade union an extremely unwelcome directive of the Central Committee. He is receiving from a trusted superior an order to go to another country and, in a designated hotel, at a designated hour, meet a man whose name he will never know, but who will give him a package whose contents he will never learn. Suddenly, there closes around that Communist a separating silence, and in that silence he hears screams. He hears them for the first time. For they do not merely reach his mind. They pierce beyond. They pierce to his soul. He says to himself: "Those are not the screams of a man in agony. Those are the screams of a soul in agony." He hears them for the first time because a soul in extremity has communicated with that which alone can hear it - another human soul.

Why does the Communist ever hear them? Because in the end there persists in every man, however he may deny it, a scrap of soul. The Communist who suffers this singular experience then says to himself: "What is happening to me? I must be sick." If he does not instantly stifle that scrap of soul, he is lost. If he admits it for a moment, he has admitted that there is something greater than Reason, greater than the logic of mind, of politics, of history, of economics, which alone justifies the vision. If the party senses his weakness, and the party is particularly cunning at sensing such weakness, it will humiliate him, degrade him, condemn him, expel him. If it can, it will destroy him. And the party will be right. For he has betrayed that which alone justifies its faith - the vision of Almighty Man. He has brushed the only vision that has force against the vision of Almighty Mind. He stands before the fact of God.

The Communist Party is familiar with this experience to which its members are sometimes liable in prison, in illness, in indecision. It is recognised frankly as a sickness. There are ways of treating it - if it is confessed. It is when it is not confessed that the party, sensing a subtle crisis, turns upon it savagely. What ex-Communist has not suffered this experience in one form or another, to one degree or another? What he does about it depends on the individual man. That is why no ex-Communist dare answer for his sad fraternity the question: Why do men break with Communism? He can only answer the question: How did you break with Communism? My answer is: Slowly, reluctantly, in agony.

Yet my break began long before I heard those screams. Perhaps it does for everyone. I do not know how far back it began. Avalanches gather force and crash, unheard, in men as in the mountains. But I date my break from a very casual happening. I was sitting in our apartment on St. Paul Street in Baltimore. It was shortly before we moved to Alger Hiss's apartment in Washington. My daughter was in her high chair. I was watching her eat. She was the most miraculous thing that had ever happened in my life. I liked to watch her even when she smeared porridge on her face or dropped it meditatively on the floor. My eye came to rest on the delicate convolutions of her ear - those intricate, perfect ears. The thought passed through my mind: "No, those ears were not created by any chance coming together of atoms in nature (the Communist view). They could have been created only by immense design." The thought was involuntary and unwanted. I crowded it out of my mind. But I never wholly forgot it or the occasion. I had to crowd it out of my mind. If I had completed it, I should have had to say: Design presupposes God. I did not then know that, at that moment, the finger of God was first laid upon my forehead.

One thing most ex-Communists could agree upon: they broke because they wanted to be free. They do not all mean the same thing by "free". Freedom is a need of the soul, and nothing else. It is in striving toward God that the soul strives continually after a condition of freedom. God alone is the inciter and guarantor of freedom. He is the only guarantor. External freedom is only an aspect of interior freedom. Political freedom, as the Western world has known it is only a political reading of the Bible. Religion and freedom are indivisible. Without freedom the soul dies. Without the soul there is no justification for freedom. Necessity is the only ultimate justification known to the mind. Hence every sincere break with communism is a religious experience, though the Communist fail to identify its true

nature, though he fail to go to the end of the experience. His break is the political expression of the perpetual need of the soul whose first faint stirring he has felt within him, years, months or days before he breaks. A Communist breaks because he must choose at last between irreconcilable opposites - God or Man, Soul or Mind, Freedom or Communism.

Communism is what happens when, in the name of Mind, men free themselves from God. But its view of God, its knowledge of God, its experience of God, is what alone gives character to a society or a nation, and meaning to its destiny. Its culture, the voice of this character, is merely this view, knowledge, experience, of God, fixed by its most intense spirits in terms intelligible to the mass of men. There has never been a society or a nation without God. But history is cluttered with the wreckage of nations that became indifferent to God, and died.

The crisis of Communism exists to the degree in which it has failed to free the peoples that it rules from God. Nobody knows this better than the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The crisis of the Western world exists to the degree in which it is indifferent to God. It exists to the degree in which the Western world actually shares Communism's materialist vision, is so dazzled by the logic of the materialistic interpretation of history, politics and economics, that it fails to grasp that, for it, the only possible answer to the Communist challenge: Faith in God or Faith in Man? is the challenge: Faith in God.

Economics is not the central problem of this century. It is a relative problem which can be solved in relative ways. Faith is the central problem of this age. The Western world does not know it, but it already possesses the answer to this problem - but only provided that its faith in God and the freedom He enjoins is as great as Communism's faith in Man.

My dear children, before I close this foreword, I want to recall to you briefly the life that we led in the ten years between the time when I broke with Communism and the time when I began to testify - the things we did, worked for, loved, believed in. For it was that happy life, which, on the human side, in part made it possible for me to do later on the things I had to do, or endure the things that happened to me.

Those were the days of the little worries, which then seemed so big. We know now that they were the golden days. They will not come again. In those days, our greatest worry was how to meet the payments on the mortgage, how to get the ploughing done in time, how to get health accreditation for our herd, how to get the hay in before the rain. I sometimes took my vacation in hay harvest so that I could help work the load. You two little children used to to trample the load, drive the hay truck in the fields when you could barely reach the foot pedals, or drive the tractor that pulled up the loaded harpoons to the mow. At evening, you would break off to help Mother milk while I went on haying. For we came of age on the farm when we decided not to hire barn help, but to run the herd ourselves as a family.

Often the ovenlike heat in the comb of the barn and the sweet smell of alfalfa made us sick. Sometimes we fell asleep at the supper table from fatigue. But the hard work was good for us; and you knew only the peace of a home governed by a father and mother whose marriage the years (and an earlier suffering which you could not remember) had deepened into the perfect love that enveloped you.

Mother was a slight, overalled figure forever working for you in the house or beside you in the barns and gardens. Papa was a squat, overalled figure, fat but forceful, who taught John, at nine, the man-size glory of driving the tractor; or sat beside Ellen, at the wheel of the truck, an embodiment of security and power, as we drove loads of cattle through the night. On summer Sundays, you sat between Papa and Mama in the Quacker meeting-house. Through the open doors, as you tried not to twist and turn in the long silence, you could see the far, blue Maryland hills and hear the redbirds and ground robins in the graveyard behind.

Only Ellen had a vague, troubled recollection of another time and another image of Papa. Then (it was during the years 1938 and 1939), if for any reason she pattered down the hall at night, she would find Papa, with the light on, writing, with a revolver on the table or a gun against the chair. She knew that there were men who wanted to kill Papa and who might try to kidnap her. But a wide sea of sunlight lay between that puzzling recollection and the farm.

The farm was your kingdom, and the world lay far beyond the protecting walls thrown up by work and love. It is true that comic strips were not encouraged, comic books were banned, the radio could be turned on only by permission which was seldom given (or asked), and you saw few movies. But you grew in the presence of eternal wonders. There was the birth of lambs and calves. You remember how once, when I was away and the veterinarian could not come, you saw Mother reach in and turn the calf inside the cow so that it could be born. There was also the death of animals, sometimes violent, sometimes slow and painful - nothing is more constant on a farm than death.

Sometimes, of a spring evening, Papa would hear that distant honking that always makes his scalp tingle, and we would all rush out to see the wild geese, in lines of hundreds, steer up from the southwest, turn over the barn as over a landmark, and head into the north. Or on autumn nights of sudden cold that set the ewes breeding in the orchard, Papa would call you out of the house to stand with him in the now celebrated pumpkin patch and watch the northern lights flicker in electric clouds on the horizon, mount, die down, fade and mount again till they filled the whole northern sky with ghostly light in motion.

Thus, as children, you experienced two of the most important things men ever know - the wonder of life and the wonder of the universe, the wonder of life within the wonder of the universe. Most important, you knew them not from books, not from lectures, but simply from living among them. Most important, you knew them with reverence and awe - that reverence and awe that has died out of the modern world and replaced by man's monkeylike amazement at the cleverness of his own inventive brain.

I have watched greatness touch you in another way. I have seen you sit, uninvited and unforced, listening in complete silence to the third movement of the Ninth Symphony. I thought you understood, as much as children can, when I told you that that music was the moment at which Beethoven finally passed beyond the suffering of his life on earth and reached for the hand of God, as God reaches for the hand of Adam in Michelangelo's vision of the Creation.

And once, in place of a bedtime story, I was reading Shakespeare to John - at his own request, for I never forced such things on you. I came to that passage in which Macbeth, having murdered Duncan, realizes what he has done to his

own soul, and asks if all the water in the world can ever wash the blood from his hand, or will it not rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine?

At that line, John's whole body twitched. I gave great silent thanks to God. For I knew that if, as children, you could thus feel in your souls the reverence and awe for life and the world, which is the ultimate meaning of Beethoven and Shakespeare, as man and women you could never be satisfied with less. I felt a great faith that sooner or later you would understand what I once told you, not because I expected you to understand it then, but because I hoped that you would remember it later: "True wisdom comes from the overcoming of suffering and sin. All true wisdom is therefore touched with sadness."

If all this sounds unduly solemn, you know that our lives were not; that all of us suffer from an incurable itch to puncture false solemnity. In our daily lives, we were fun-loving and gay. For those who have solemnity in their souls generally have enough of it there, and do not need to force it into their faces.

Then, on August 3, 1948, you learned for the first time that your father had once been a Communist, that he had worked in something called "the underground", that it was shameful, and that for some reason he was in Washington telling the world about it. While he was in the underground, he testified, he had worked with a number of other Communists. One of them was a man with the odd name of Alger Hiss. Later, Alger Hiss denied the allegation. Thus the Great Case began, and with it our lives were changed forever.

Dear children, one autumn twilight, when you were much smaller, I slipped away from you in play and stood for a moment alone in the apple orchard near the barn. Then I heard your two voices, piping together anxiously, calling to me: "Papa! Papa!" from the harvested cornfield. In the years when I was away five days a week in New York, working to pay for the farm, I used to think of you both before I fell asleep at night. And that is how you almost always came to me - voices of beloved children, calling to me from the gathered fields at dusk.

You called to me once again at night in the same orchard. That was a good many years later. A shadow deeper and more chilling than the autumn evening had closed upon us - I mean the Hiss Case. It was the first year of the case. We had been doing the evening milking together. For us, one of the few happy results of the Case was that at last I could be home with you most of the time (in life these good things usually come too little or too late). I was washing and disinfecting the cows, and putting on and taking off the milkers. You were stripping after me.

In the quiet, there suddenly swept over my mind a clear realization of our true position - obscure, all but friendless people (some of my great friends had already taken refuge in aloofness; the others I had withdrawn from so as not to involve them in my affairs). Against me was an almost solid line-up of the most powerful groups and men in the country, the bitterly hostile reaction of much of the press, the smiling skepticism of much of the public, the venomous calumnies of the Hiss forces, the all but universal failure to understand the real meaning of the Case or my real purpose. A sense of the enormous futility of my effort, and my own inadequacy, drowned me. I felt a physical cold creep through me, settle around my heart and freeze any pulse of hope. The sight of you children, guiltless and defenceless, was more than I could bear. I was alone against the world; my longing

was to be left completely alone, or not to be at all. It was that death of the will which Communism, with great cunning, always tries to induce in its victims.

I waited until the last cow was stripped and the last can lifted into the cooler. Then I stole into the upper barn and out into the apple orchard. It was a very dark night. The stars were large and cold. This cold was one with the coldness in myself. The lights of the barn, the house and the neighbors' houses were warm in the windows and on the ground; they were not for me. Then I heard Ellen call me in the barn and John called: "Papa!" Still calling, Ellen went down to the house to see if I were there. I heard John opening gates as he went to the calf barn, and he called me there. With all the longing of my love for you, I wanted to answer. But if I answered, I must come back to the living world. I could not do that.

John began to call me in the cow stable, in the milk house. He went into the dark side of the barn (I heard him slide the door back), into the upper barn, where at night he used to be afraid. He stepped outside in the dark, calling: "Papa! Papa!" - then, frantically, on the verge of tears: "Papa!" I walked over to him. I felt that I was making the most terrible surrender I should have to make on earth. "Papa," he cried and threw his arms around me, "don't ever go away." "No," I said, "no, I won't ever go away." Both of us knew that the words "go away" stood for something else, and that I had given him my promise not to kill myself. Later on, as you will see, I was tempted, in my wretchedness, to break that promise.

My children, when you were little, we used sometimes to go for walks in our pine woods. In the open fields, you would run along by yourselves. But you used instinctively to give me your hands as we entered those woods, where it was darker, lonelier, and in the stillness our voices sounded loud and frightening. In this book I am again giving you my hands. I am leading you, not through cool pine woods, but up and up a narrow defile between bare and steep rocks from which in shadow things uncoil and slither away. It will be dark. But, in the end, if I have led you aright, you will make out three crosses, from two of which hang thieves. I will have brought you to Golgotha - the place of skulls. This is the meaning of the journey. Before you understand, I may not be there, my hands may have slipped from yours. It will not matter. For when you understand what you see, you will no longer be children. You will know that life is pain, that each of us hangs always upon the cross of himself. And when you know that this is true of every man, woman and child on earth, you will be wise.

Your Father

A Letter From South Africa

My long time friend in Rondebosch, R.S.A. writes to me:

".....If you want to see me again this side of Jordan you had better take advantage of the rand, now nearly eight to the pound sterling and falling, and come and see me soon."

Two paragraphs later comes this graphic report:

"Rosine! Things in this country are absolutely unbelievably awful. We knew that S.A. would go the way of the rest of Africa but *never* did I think it would happen so fast. Just about everyone is on strike: gold production down through mine strikes - chaos at universities which get trashed by

rioting black students - hospital strikes - health services going to pot - government grants to old age homes (still mostly white) cancelled - wholesale corruption in just about every department including the police. Mayhem in the black taxi industry with drivers and passengers being shot every other day and accidents due to unlicensed drivers overloading and rotten tyres - killing hundreds - literally - both passengers and innocent drivers on the roads. A young white chap was caught in the crossfire on the airport road last week and killed. There is a vehicle hi-jack every six minutes (I think it is an even shorter period) - a reported rape every 29 minutes - God alone knows how many are *un*-reported; in the Cape people are deliberately injecting themselves with T.B. in order to qualify for grants on health grounds....Matric exam papers were sold in advance to students; this b*****d up all the results....

"In the recent country wide census costing millions, people attacked the officials in some areas as they resented not having got the job themselves!! Schoolchildren demonstrate if the teacher is retrenched or for any other damn reason. Valuable equipment is actually being stolen from Parliament offices and these so called M.P.'s are getting about R350,000 p.a. and brand new Mercedes' and R100,000 car expenses - talk about a gravy train - it is a ruddy caviar/smoked salmon train - and, oh yes - free lunches are on tap for all and sundry at Parliament. Aids is spreading at an alarming rate - malaria has made a huge comeback due to the millions - so it is said - of refugees from the North. There are even Rwandans in Cape Town!!

"As for Affirmative Action - how's this? My maid's one twin landed in hospital in Port Elizabeth and I rang up to ask how he was. I got a black nurse and told her he was admitted yesterday, his full name and his age - 14 months. She came back and solemnly informed me that, 'he was still-born.'

"I then rang a friend in Port Elizabeth and asked her to find out details. She was told he was not in the hospital: when she insisted that he was there - they found him - lurking in intensive care.

"Within less than a mile from Hill Cottage '(my friends home. Ed.)', in the last six weeks the following crimes that I know of have been committed (There may have been others not reported in the press).

"1. A brick was hurled through the window of a car parked near my corner shop and goods stolen from the seat. This led to the furious driver chasing three blacks flat out the wrong way in a one-way street nearly killing a girl walking there. I was fortunately on foot at the end of the lane.

2. The Indian shop next to the corner shop held up at gunpoint and robbed.

3. A white woman (54) in her home in Welltevreslen Avenue (where Maureen and Bill Black lived) raped in daylight by an axe-wielding kaffir.

4. A woman raped on Rondebosch Common.

5. A woman knocked about and cut with a knife and her BMW hi-jacked at Kierboom Park where I exercise Kerry "(her Irish terrier, Ed.)"

6. Two cars stolen one night in Rouwkoop Avenue at the end of my lane. They were subsequently recovered, having being used in armed robberies (one belonged to an old woman who foolishly had drawn out her life savings from the bank - R25,000 and lost the lot).

7. Two nights ago Westernford Stores at Silwood-Camp Ground was held up at gun point - owner and

customers locked up in a back room and R70,000 taken. Of the four general stores in the Camp Ground Road/Palmyra Road, three have been robbed - the owner of one in Palmyra Road was shot and killed a year ago.

8. And - of no great consequence - my car was ransacked a few nights ago but there was nothing worth stealing in it except a new can of de-mister and an ancient hair brush!

"Then there is *PAGAD* - Moslem outfit: '*People Against Gangsters and Drugs*'. They are a militant bunch who lynched a notorious drug dealer and have declared war on the gangsters.

"They hold marches - attack drug dealers' houses and are fighting mad. The gangsters are very put out and have - wait for it - demanded Police protection! I am all for *PAGAD* as drugs are being sold openly on the streets. Apparently the Nigerians are largely responsible. Mobs of them are here now.

"We have had Peter Hain here too - all we were short of!"

The seeming immunity of my hospitable friend is possibly on account of her expertise with a gun that she is not afraid to use. (U.K. gun banners please note.) Sounds just the place for a Spring holiday.

R de B.

Quotes:

1. "Governments do not govern but the hidden hand" - Disraeli.

2. "...the State held, in the face of the Bank (of England - privately owned) and the City, an essentially false position as to finance. The Government was not to be the substantive power, but was to leave the Money Power supreme and unquestioned." Gladstone.

3. "The international bankers swept statesmen, journalists, and jurists all on one side and issued their orders with the imperiousness of absolute monarchs." Lloyd George....writing about the Versailles Peace Conference after the First World War.

4. "The money powers prey upon the nation in times of peace and conspire against it in times of adversity. It is more despotic than a monarchy, more insolent than autocracy, more selfish than bureaucracy." Abraham Lincoln.

5. The main mark of modern governments is that we do not know who governs....We see the politician and not his backer; still less the backer of the backer; or, what is most important of all, the banker of the backer." G.K. Chesterton.

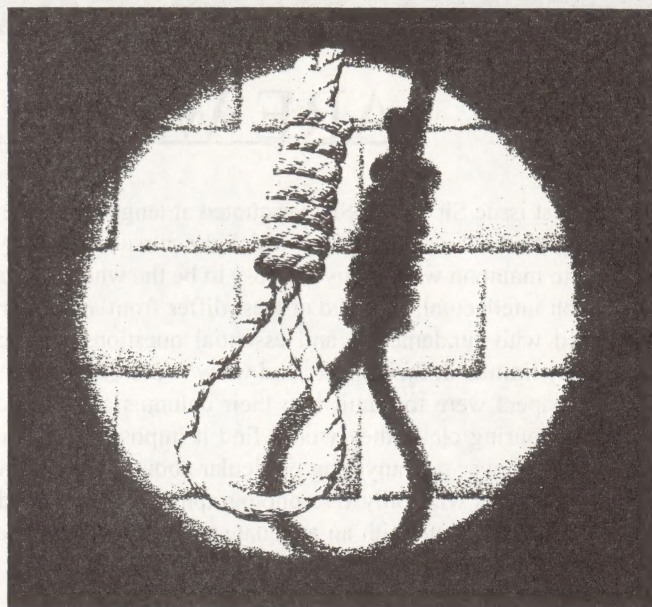
6. "We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes....Our talents, our possibilities....are the property of these men. **We are intellectual prostitutes.**" - John Swinton....speaking to fellow journalists at his retirement party as editor of the *New York Times*.

COURAGE....

What is the greatest courage? It is to oppose the assumptions, the superstitions, the prejudices of one's own age, of the deliberate few who brainwash and control the perverted many, of time trying to deny Eternity. He must be against the manias of the hour, because he is for the sanity of the centuries. He must have his feet firm in that absolute and eternal world where the spectrum of the tonal scale, the fact that two plus two are four, the Christ who says "Before Abraham was I am", abide and endure.

E. Merrill Root.

Don't vote!



"The people of Britain are not adepts in the use of anger.

That is why our politicians sleep so peacefully at nights, and why no nocturnal terrors hover around the pillows of our Press magnates, or disturb the beatific slumbers of our money-jugglers. The indignation which melts before newspaper blandishments or is conveniently side-tracked by newspaper lies, is not the kind to draw tumbrils through the street in the glow of a blood-red sunset.

It is argued that the defects which make Britons mighty poor revolutionaries represent sterling qualities in the national character - for instance, what the *Ostrer* newspaper calls 'the splendid spectacle of Britain's sanity' boils down to this apparent incapacity for anger.

Realists who use such terms are at once suspect. They know that a race of men who good-humouredly suffer their national life to wear the aspect of a gigantic charade, while every kind of financial rampage and political chicanery operates to their disadvantage behind the scenes, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be accounted sane. When such people congratulate us upon our sanity, therefore, what they are really doing is congratulating themselves upon their lack of intimate acquaintance with our lamp-posts."

(A.K. Chesterton. *Creed of a Fascist Revolutionary*. 1935.)

"....Theirs are the parties which by their failure, folly and foul intent have brought Britain to its present debasement with real patriotism scoffed at, crime prospering, and children resorting to drugs. What greater crime is there than to have created the sick society which is ours today?

The politicians of the old parties are by virtue of the above indictment the greatest criminals in our land and history, deserving a noose not a vote, a place on the gallows, not a seat at Westminster."

(Colin Jordan. *Gothic Ripples*. No.36. March 1997.)

All of which reminds us of the old chestnut, "Who was the only man ever to enter the Houses of Parliament with honest intent? Why, Guy Fawkes of course!" (Apologies to Hilaire Belloc).

Chestnuts from Chesterton.

ARE WE REACTIONARY?

In our last issue Sir Henry Slessor quoted at length from the debates of the House of Commons a perfectly lucid and logical and solid criticism of the social policy which we pursue. It was by Mr. Montague, a Labour member; and apparently the only Labour member to maintain what many suppose to be the whole Labour policy. He criticised our conception from the point of view of the old Fabian intellectual; who did at least differ from any other intellectuals by the possession of an intellect. This criticism, being concerned with fundamental and essential questions of public policy, was very little reported in the press. Newspapers are necessarily limited in their space; and we who are beginners would be the last to deny the difficulties of making up a page. And if the newspapers were to admit into their columns any considerable discussion of what is to happen to the English land or the English labouring class, they would find it impossible to print at length the fourth housemaid's fifth reiteration, in the witness box, that she never saw anything particular about the demeanour of Captain Bingle towards Lady Brown. We should be driven to content ourselves with only five photographs of people paddling in the summer or skiing in the winter. We shall endeavour to provide Mr. Montague with an adequate reply, but we feel some pride in the fact that we are probably among the few who will give him even an adequate report.

It is necessary to deal here with the charge of being reactionary and what is really implied in it. It is popularly expressed, as our contributor has noted, in the common phrase about putting back the clock. It makes the brain reel to think how many million times we have been told that we cannot put back the clock. It is strange that people should use the same mechanical metaphor in the same mechanical spirit so many times without once seeing what is wrong with it. It looks rather as if their clocks, anyhow, had stopped. If there is one thing in the world that no sane man ought to connect with the idea of unlimited progress, it is a clock. A clock does not strike twelve and then go on to strike thirteen or fourteen. If a clock really proceeded on the progressive or evolutionary principle, we should find it was half-past a hundred in about a week. So far as the significance of the signs go, which is the only value of a clock, the case is altogether the other way. You do not need to put the clock back; because in that sense the clock always puts itself back. It always returns to its first principle and its primary purpose; and in that respect at any rate it is really a good metaphor for a social scheme. The clock that had completely forgotten the meaning of one and two would be valueless; the commonwealth that has completely forgotten the meaning of individual dignity and direct ownership will never recover them by going blindly forward to an infinity of number; it must return to reality. It must be reactionary, if that is reaction.

But if that is reaction, a great many other things are reactionary. For instance, a Trade Union was and is utterly reactionary. Indeed, when it first appeared it was regarded as reactionary; especially by the people who then considered themselves most progressive. It was regarded by the Radical of the industrial revolution as a piece of unscientific sentimentalism and ignorant dissent. And so it was, upon the principles then counted scientific. The Trade Union was reactionary if the Manchester School was progressive. And the Manchester School certainly thought itself progressive; and indeed everybody else thought so, too; it was not only praised as progressive but dreaded and denounced as progressive. What is the use, therefore, of Mr. Montague throwing the word "*reactionary*" at us, when his own grandfather might have thrown the word "*reactionary*" at him? The Trade Union reacted almost automatically towards the tradition of the Guild because individualism was driving on indefinitely to insanity; because that mechanical clock had gone mad, and was striking a million. We react towards the tradition of the peasant because the divorce between property and personality has become equally impossible; so that a man is not even a clock but one of the works of a clock.

If we can dispute with Mr. Montague over the term "*reactionary*", we might dispute with him still more over the term "*medieval*". About that we have a very simple thing to say. If Mr. Montague will get into a little boat and sail away from his native land in any direction whatever (short of the North Pole) he will probably land in a country where small ownership is a living, thriving, staring modern reality, in a greater or less degree according to the inroads of the last "*progressive*" fad of industrialism. If he goes west and lands in Ireland he will find it. If he goes east and lands in Denmark he will find it. If he goes almost anywhere he will find it much more fully developed than he will find it here. Everywhere doubtless it is modified or thwarted; everywhere doubtless it might be improved; but everywhere it is a thing of the present. If anything in the world is modern, small property is modern. He might as well say the decimal coinage is medieval; for almost every place which has decimal coinage has some measure of small property. He might as well say Napoleon was a medieval figure; for this tendency has largely followed the Code Napoleon. In a legal or strictly historical sense, indeed, Mr. Montague's implication is wildly incorrect. Medieval civilization was indeed progressing towards private property for all, when it was split asunder by that strange earthquake, whether economic or theological. But medieval civilization started with the legal fiction of feudalism, by which the land belonged to the King; that is, to the State. In other words medieval civilization started with the fiction of Socialism. It is Mr. Montague who is medieval. It is Mr. Montague who is reacting towards the first heraldic fictions of the feudal age. We hand him back the emblazoned escutcheon with a bow. Modern Europe, swarming with prosaic and practical peasants, is good enough for us.

Of course, we know very well what he really means, whether he knows it or not, by our being medieval. He means something that has many other euphemisms. He means something that has survived Medievalism though it made Medievalism, just as it survived feudalism though it mitigated feudalism, just as it survived slavery though it dissolved slavery. We know its name if he

does not; and we beg to inform him that this also is an exceedingly modern institution. If he will sail round the world in his little boat, he will find out how modern. But nobody expects him to argue on the assumption of Catholic Christianity, and therefore it is irrelevant to deal with that matter here. We will only say that, if he cares for a hint about the nature of the thing in its varied effects, he will find it in the notion of the Will which is at the root of all liberty. Because that philosophy favours voluntary association, it supports Guilds and Trades Unions; because it believes in a province for volition it favours property. And he will find this study more philosophical than playing with a clock and talking of politics in terms of time. It is bad enough when he merely calls that reactionary today which was progressive yesterday. But as a fact he is calling that progressive today which was reactionary yesterday.

We shall find an opportunity elsewhere of discussing in greater detail the practical criticisms involved in Mr. Montague's most interesting speech; here we are only concerned with the particular reproach of reaction. But in a general fashion we may say this. Mr. Montague's ideal society is one in which no man will ever have any real control; even over himself. The advantage of the plan he deprecated, the plan by which each worker in a factory might also be an independent worker on the land, is that each man would have something to fall back upon, and that is fundamental. Suppose, for instance, there is a strike; presumably in that case there will be a strike fund. We certainly have never indulged in the vulgar grumbling against strike funds or strikes. But after all a strike fund must be in the hands of officials; just as all the money in the Treasury is in the hands of officials. In theory we have control over the money in the Treasury. In practise, men may come to have as little control over the Trade Union funds as over the Treasury. Of course, this will not affect one who does not want the people to rule; who would uphold the Trade Union against the Trade Unionists. But the people we want to rule are people and not offices. Against the despotic thing called Supply we set the democratic thing called Demand.

G.K. CHESTERTON.

Yet again, in this article by G.K. Chesterton, printed in *G.K.'s Weekly* in April 1925, we see that GK is not interested in the labels that a man uses, but in the *Ideas* which he expresses. It is easy to attack a label, be it 'reactionary', 'medieval', 'progressive' or whatever; it is an altogether different matter to deal with Substance, with Ideas, with Reality. This was why GKC was forever entreating people to read and understand, *not* indulge in pointless, because irrelevant, discussions.

It is a lesson that needs to be learned even more in this time, where knowledge of History, Politics and Economics is pitifully weak. Thus, we recommend highly the book entitled: *Yesterday & Tomorrow: The Tradition of National Revolution* which has been published by *The Legionary Press*. It is made up of extracts, on different subjects, by key nationalist writers this century. Amongst the writers included in this helpful volume are GKC, Hilaire Belloc, Fr. Denis Fahey, Arthur Penty (this century's most outstanding and brilliant advocate of a new Guild System) and José Antonio. The subjects broached by these writers are diverse, and thus contribute greatly to GK's desire that people discuss Ideas **not** Irrelevancies.

Yesterday & Tomorrow is available at just £4.50 including postage and packing from: *The Legionary Press, Forest House, Liss Forest, Liss, Hampshire, GU33 7DD, England*. Please make cheques/postal orders/international money orders payable to *The Legionary Press*. Payment in sterling **only**, and foreign orders please add 10% towards postage. Bulk rates available on request.

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THIS ENGLAND, Winter, 1996

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GR**EAT** patriot Roy Faiers, multi-millionaire publisher of the quarterly *This England* magazine, is a firm **Europhobe**.

His latest tirade against the European union was illustrated by the blue Euro flag with a swastika emblazoned in its centre. Suggesting that the EU is made up of a bunch of fascists seemed a bit rich coming from *This England*.

Readers who turned to the advertising pages would have seen two ads from the A.K. Chesterton Trust promoting its hero's masterwork on conspiracy theories. A.K., brother of G.K., was of course a leading officer of the British Union of Fascists and later chairman of the National Front. Another leading Front member, Elizabeth Lady Freeman, also advertises her *Traditionalist's Anthology* in the winter 1996 issue.

Theory of relativity

Sir,

A.K. Chesterton and G.K. Chesterton were of course cousins — not brothers. And both were writers and journalists of a much higher calibre than anything the EYE can offer...

Yours,

S. PIKE.

Final Conflict magazine.

Over the last twelve months the *Candour* staffer's have made a great effort to 'spread the word'. The advertisements reproduced here appeared in the magazine *This England*.

Naturally, to advertise in a glossy, quarterly, magazine with a world-wide circulation of 172,500 copies each issue is not inexpensive. For example the small, boxed, advertisements reproduced here, which appeared in the Winter 1996 issue, cost some 300 alone.

The other pieces (re-produced from the satirical fortnightly magazine *Private Eye*) were a direct response to our shameless audacity. Help us too continue being shameless.... There are other outlets where we can advertise which also will not buckle.

In response to the *Private Eye* piece, apart from the published letter by Spike of *Final Conflict* magazine, several other *Candour* stalwarts also responded (but were not printed!) The following letter by Mrs Leslie von Goetz (nee Green) serves as an example....

The Editor
Private Eye

Dear Sir,

If you are going to do a little "research" into the history of 'anti-Europeans' you should try and make it more efficient. A.K. Chesterton

was not a brother of G.K. but a first cousin once removed. In other parts of his life other than his fleeting membership of the BUF (he had already left them when I first met him in 1938) he succeeded in fighting both the first & second World Wars and against militant white trade unionists in the Rand in 1922.

I studied journalism under him in 1950 as part of my secretarial course at Marlborough Gate College and felt greatly honoured to be asked by him to go through all the articles he had written since being invalided out of the army in 1943. I had read the articles as they appeared - mostly in *Truth* and the Beaverbrook press - and had not found them convincing. I was a keen Catholic convert and believed papers like *The Tablet* which thought European Union a 'Good Thing'. This Chesterton was not a Catholic and had a nasty suspicious mind - rather like *Private Eye* in a way - so he did not carry me with him. When I re-read all these articles I was horrified to find the only point of interest was the date*. So he *did* understand international affairs. He *did* know who was pulling the strings and nearly a quarter century after his death you could learn something from his books.

I may add that Lady Freeman has been dead for a good few years.

Yours, etc.

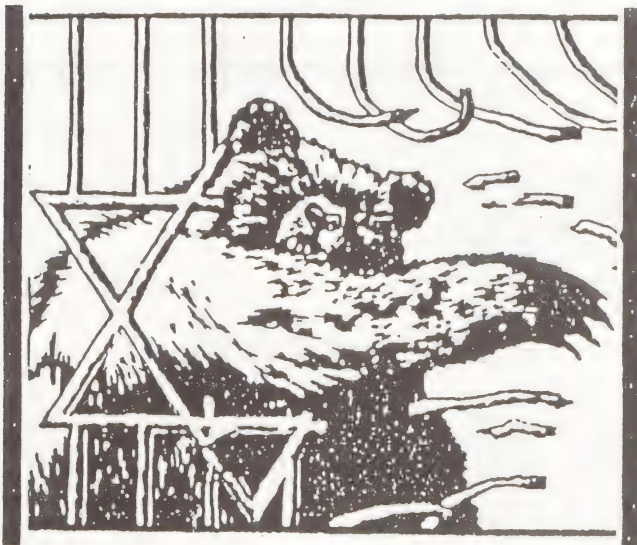
Leslie v. Goetz.

*The prophesies of the "nasty suspicious mind" had by then nearly all been fulfilled. (Ed.)

CROWN OF THORNS

The History of the White Movement

by Pavel Bykov.



"History, which knows no favouritism, will tell the importance of our struggle, the capacity of our sacrifices. It will know that the fight that we carried on for the love of our country and for the Resurrection and Rebirth of Russia as a nation was indeed, at the same time, to safeguard the culture of Europe, the struggle for an age long civilisation, for the defence of Europe, against the Red Terror."

The above was taken from the text of a speech delivered by the last Commander in Chief of the (White) Russian Army, General P.N. Wrangel, on the quayside of Sebastopol, to Officer Cadets, prior to the evacuation of the last White Russian forces towards the end of the Civil War

(1918-1922), as red forces, greatly superior in number, closed in.

History has indeed affirmed the statement of General Wrangel concerning the motivation of our soldiers. Some seventy years later, following Communist atrocities and Bolshevik murders and the actual liquidation of whole nations and peoples, all in the name of "Socialism", one surely appreciates the veracity of his contention that the Whites were fighting not just for Russia, but for civilisation as a whole. It is to be hoped that the sacrifice of the White Russian Movement will *never* be forgotten, not only by our own people, but by all civilised nations and peoples everywhere.

Since 1918 the mass media in almost all countries have constantly and continually lied in a huge way about the White Movement, its aims, methods and those who made it up. At the same time, they did everything that they could to ensure the survival and growth of those who were born from the squalid union of usury and international cosmopolitan terrorism (ie. Trotsky-Bronstein and his ilk). Their constant defamation of the real heroes of the Civil War period from roughly 1917 to 1923, still muddies the waters, as it were, and causes a great deal of confusion. It is important that the record be set straight, and though this is but a very minor contribution towards that end, I hope that it goes some way towards redressing the balance of a distorted and Marxist inspired history universal subsequent to 1918, and predominating world wide due to Zionist control of the mass media. It is only today that we are at last beginning to smash this foul Marxist monolith, and we must continue until Communism, in all its loathsome and hydra like manifestations, is ground into the earth forever, never to rise again.

Of the two major protagonists of the Russian Civil War it can be said without any fear of contradiction that it was the Whites who spoke for, and represented Russia in the fullest and true sense. Ninety nine per cent of the leadership of the Bolshevik Party were not even Russian. Most of them were, it will come as no surprise to *Candour* readers, Jews, with a smattering of Latvians, Lithuanians and released Austrian prisoners of war and some Chinese mercenaries. The leaders of the "Russian" Revolution were largely the imported stooges of Wall Street, sporting, as one witness put it, "Thick Brooklyn accents.....!" These imported terrorists were concentrated in Moscow and Petrograd, and there mobilised as shock troops for the Red Revolution, skilfully orchestrated by the bankers. It must also be recalled that the best Russian troops, after three years of war, from 1914 to 1917, were either dead, in German prison camps, or tied down in static trench warfare on the front line with Germany. These imported mobsters were then used by the conspirators first of all to overthrow the legal and divinely ordained Government of Russia, that of His Imperial Majesty Czar Nicholas II, and several months later, to overthrow the weak regime of Alexander Kerensky (The Bankers only tolerate "Liberals" when it suits their nefarious purposes). To top it all they then dissolved at the point of the bayonet the democratically elected Constituent Assembly (largely because they, the Reds, were wiped out in an open contest) in January of 1918. From that moment on, it could be said the Civil War had commenced, although hostilities had been raging for a year prior to this time between the Red mob and loyal Russian Monarchists and patriots.

The reign of terror that began as a result of the illegal seizure of power by the alien financed and cosmopolitan terrorists naturally triggered a reaction by loyal, Christian, Monarchist and patriotic Russians; The rise of the White Movement under Generals Kornilov and Alexeev was purely a response to the illegal capture of their country by the Red Internationale. This latter had scarcely a Russian supporting it and yet it sought to tear the land of Russia from the hearts of its people. The list of Communist atrocities in the opening months of the Civil War is quite literally, beyond belief, in its savagery, inhumanity and bestiality. Seventy years later these acts were recognised as the inevitable hallmark of the communist, but in 1918 such horrors were received with shock. The Reds began with the slaughter of the Bishop of Kiev and some 25,000 monks, priests and nuns across Russia. Also killed in their tens of thousands were Officers of the army and navy, policemen, Sergeants and corporals of the Imperial army who tended to be loyal, Cossacks, members of the Imperial Guards Regiments (Life Guard Preobrazhensky, Ismailovsky, Syemenovsky, Finlandsky, Gatchina, Livorsky Regiments) and even elderly peasants who crossed themselves too often. This was the reality of the red terror. Worst of all was the satanic murder of our Czar and Imperial family. The emergence of the White Movement was a response to the murders, anarchy, repression and terror becoming prevalent in Russia. It is now time to observe the Whites and their composition.

From 1917 to 1922 the leadership of the White Russian Movement was a hundred times more representative of the ordinary people of Russia than the Reds were. As is well known, the Bolshevik leaders were primarily middle and upper class Jews, and imports from the Lower East Side of New York. In comparison with, for example, the Commander in Chief of the Volunteer Army, that part of the White Movement that had its base in South Russia and the Caucasian lands, General Anton Deniken, was a peasant who through his life had steadily risen through the ranks of the Russian army. A full General at forty four, he commanded the Volunteer Army throughout much of its history. The first Commander of the Volunteers, who helped to inaugurate the entire White Movement, General Pyotr Lavr Kornilov, was the son of a Russian woman and a Tartar tribesman who joined the Russian army. The family were typical of their people, for the Tartars, Bashkirs, and indeed many of the sheep-herding tribesman of the steppelands were among the staunchest supporters of the White Movement. Also the devout Orthodox Cossacks of the Hosts of the Don, Manych, Terek, Crimea and Ukraine. It would certainly be true to say that of the ordinary peoples of the Russian Empire, the great, not to say overwhelming majority supported the White Movement. General Kornilov was a typical loyal peasant soldier, the type of which were the backbone of the Russian army for centuries. Because of his poor background, the Bolsheviks had a particularly malevolent hatred for him, for he stood in direct opposition to them, with their largely wealthy and very privileged backgrounds. Sad to relate, General Kornilov was killed relatively early in the Civil War at the battle of Ekaterinodar, by a bursting shell. The communist savages then proceeded to drag the body of the General all around the streets of Ekaterinodar until it was finally burned, like a piece of rubbish, in the municipal dump. Animals and savages in every context.

Admiral Kolchak was the Commander-in-Chief of the White Russian armies operating in Siberia from 1917 to

1922 and he too came from a poor background - his father was a herdsman of the Polovtsii, another pastoral people who inhabited the area North of the Caspian Sea. He himself was a naval officer who again had risen through the ranks due to his own efforts. He had been heavily involved in the exploration of uncharted polar areas in the Russian Arctic and had served with distinction in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 to 1905. The British author, Richard Lockett, who wrote a history of the Civil War period states that the leaders and officers of the White Army were what he would call "Officers and Christian Gentlemen of the very highest calibre". (Richard Lockett; *The White Generals. A History of the White Movement 1917-1922*).

This assessment is substantially correct, for the Whites represented the very best in Russian society, the noblest, the most loyal, devout, pious, courageous defenders of God, Czar and Russia - for which all of them were willing to give their lives, and ultimately, many actually did. They were the best of Old Russia, and as General Wrangel so trenchantly put it in the opening paragraph of this article, they realised that they were fighting not only for Holy Russia, but also for Civilisation as a whole against the Red Terror. May their Memory be Eternal!

The actual achievement of the White Movement must also be considered. Although always outnumbered the more dedicated and motivated Whites fought campaigns on several fronts (South Russia, Siberia, The Arctic, Central Asia, the Baltic States and Finland, Caucasasia, The Crimea and Taurida, Ukraine and Far East) at times winning great victories over the Reds and inflicting severe losses upon them. If the Reds had been able effectively to consolidate their gains in Russia without any kind of harrassment, they would have been able to sweep Westwards and bring death, destruction, murder, torture and terror to much, if not all of Europe. That they were not able to do so, and were held in check on the battlefields of Russia for four and a half years, is solely thanks to the courage and self sacrifice of the White Russian Army. The bravery of the Whites and the Martyrdom of Russia bought time for the rest of the civilised world by bleeding and exhausting the Jewish Bolsheviks.

The Policy of the White Russian Movement was far-sighted, patriotic and socially just, attacking poverty and at the same time seeking to break the power of the evil and iniquitous Bankers. All banks were to be nationalised without compensation. At this announcement such a wail of despair and fury went up from Wall Street as has never been heard before - and the Financiers began to work frantically to ensure that the Reds would win. As if they had not set up the whole so called squalid little "revolution" from start to finish anyway! Immediate Restoration of the Romanov Monarchy upon victory was another plank of policy, together with Land Reform designed to give the land they worked upon to the peasants. "Socialist" writers have tried to argue that this was "Leftist policies worked by rightist hands." This was not so. What it was was a continuation of a consistent policy of land reform in Russia which was first inaugurated by Czar Alexander II, the "Czar Liberator", who abolished serfdom before Lincoln did the same to slavery in the United States. Of course, the hate filled "socialists" had to murder the Czar for this great, generous and humane act. Only "socialists" are allowed to extend such policies! The fact that the land policy of the Whites was a great success was of course glossed over and ignored by generations of Soviet propagandists, but, since 1991, a new appreciation of the White achievement is being

realised by a few courageous anti-communist historians into the open in Yeltsins' Russia.

With hindsight, it is possible to say that the White achievement was colossal, in many respects. The fact that Europe was saved from Communism, lay, with the Whites and their heroic fight in Russia. In a future article I hope to examine in some detail the military campaigns and actions of Generals Denikin, Wrangel, Kornilov, Alexeev and Admiral Kolchak and fully to evaluate them.

ENLIGHTENING A DARK WORLD

The Treaty of Rome, signed and delivered by the traitor Prime Minister of England, has been with us for over twenty years, together with knowledge of the devious paths taken with his political and business fellow traitors to ensure the imprisonment of our once sovereign realm in the satanic global dictatorship presided over by the zionist Jews. Now that, according to those same Jews, mankind is on the threshold of this hellish domaine., there has appeared a sudden rash of Parties and pamphlets concerned to "inform" the public of their (presumably) recently aquired knowledge of - you will never guess! - that canard, called "conspiracy" which up to now has been the lunatic delusion proclaimed spasmodically by "far right" fanatics seeking publicity for their ridiculous political pretensions, or words to that effect. So why now are all these dubious "anti-Euros" so busily producing and asking financial support for the broadcasting of this "news" without giving any acknowledgement to the pioneers who have been in the campaign for presenting the truth that "all who run may read"? And even now only half the story is told; to learn the other half, we do not have to recall anything earlier than:

Candour - September 1974:

Quote: "As the old poem has it, 'Men may come and men may go but I go on forever': Thus, the Zionist-International seemingly winds on its way towards One World as perennially as Tennyson's brook. So: one President departs from the White House in self-pitying tears (Nixon) and another comes with promises of clean living and cleaner government but is still surrounded by the same base metal appurtenances, furbished with a fresh coat of brass.... In all the babbling that followed America's "most traumatic experience" only four words of any significance came through the U.K. media; they were: 'He became an Internationalist'. This phrase occurred in the midst of ITV's potted biography of Gerald Ford: 'All American boyhood, athletic adolescence, interest in politics, Harvard Law School and in the New York office where he afterwards worked.... 'He became an Internationalist' No apparent connection with what went before, and of course none with his somewhat mole like progress to Presidential fame. Nowadays, to be interested in politics is to discover that the most necessary qualification for high office is become an Internationalist. Gerald Ford had that qualification. The rest is silence. One is reminded of the insignificant military status of Dwight D. Eisenhower before he woke up one morning and found himself Supreme Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in Europe, and blessed the day he was introduced to Bernard Baruch. Did Gerald Ford, we wonder, also have cause to bless some equally beneficial acquaintance he may have met on the way to the summit?"

Candour - August 1974. Referendum and the E.E.C.

Quote, "Their recent propaganda shows that the majority of anti-Common Market groups and organisations have brought up all their guns and massed all their forces solely on the 'Referendum Front', calling everyone to 'seize this last chance to save our country's independence.'.... So - 'the chosen ground', Referendum, is being advocated by anti-Marketeers as our last defence against British participation in the E.E.C.. But if, or when it is called, it will be by one or other of the parties already committed to the E.E.C. 'in principle'. 'Timeo danaos et dona ferentes'. The enemy has chosen the ground.

"Obviously, the voters will expect the government of the day to abide by the result. Thus, in the event of a pro-Europe majority, millions of loyal subjects will be turned into traitors overnight having agreed in advance to co-operate in the enactment of treason, should that be 'the will of the people'."

Candour - March/April 1974. Election Reflection.

Quote: "The public, we are told, voted decisively for moderation, and we are about to see its wishes implemented by all parties, in 'the National Interest'. This presumably means that the pre-election Hawks, Doves and Flamingoes can now put off their more colourful feathers and be revealed as the plague of grey Gulls that has done its utmost to reduce our fair land to the rubbish dump loaded with imported offal that is the favoured diet of such predators."

"In this context 'moderation' is the latest euphemism for High Treason. Whether the British electorate knew it or not, that is what the majority were gulled into supporting. The most votes went to Heath and World Government through the E.E.C.; a nearly equal number went to Wilson and World Government through systematic surrender of British power in the realm of defence; a further six million went to Thorpe and World Government through all or any agencies expedient at any given time.... The patriots who voted for the *National Front* or for sundry anti-Market Independents only emphasised the futility of engaging in the enterprise at all by losing their deposits to bolster the suborned state.... If Enoch Powell was really responsible for depriving Heath of his hoped for mandate for European Union by boosting the so-called anti-Market Labour vote, then he did all true Britons the greatest disservice in his power. Britain now finds herself at the mercy of a Prime Minister who when last 'in power' surrendered Britain's defence to the secret government of the United States - in the words of *Candour* at the time "The secret government which uses Federal apparatus in Washington for its own purposes and which has as its chief bureaucracy institutions such as the Council of Foreign Relations and the Bilderberger Group, situated in New York.... Both controlled by the dominant International Finance Houses."

Candour - August, still 1974.

Quote. "The new Chancellor of the Exchequer" (Harold Lever) "seems a strange lever to choose for breaking European shackles. He is on record as proclaiming that Britain's membership of the E.E.C. is 'essential for her future prosperity, and no less her safety' but also that '*The basic solution for the currency problem lies in the creation of a World Reserve Bank which would create an internationally accepted Reserve Unit to replace both Dollars and Sterling**' (1997 Italics. Ed.) "The second statement pointed unmistakably to a by-pass of both European and Atlantic Union."

Candour - Nov/Dec 1975. Did Six Million Really Die? Comment from the *Jewish Chronicle*.

Quote: "Attempts by the Board of Deputies to have the (pseudonymus) author and publisher of the booklet prosecuted failed because, in the opinion of the Director of Public Prosecutions, it would be 'extremely difficult to prove intention to stir up racial hatred."

"Last week's White Paper on Racial Discrimination announced proposals to delete the Intent Clause of the 1965 Race Relations Act, making it easier for a prosecution to succeed."

('They' have come a long way since then, have they not? Ed.)

Candour - Feb/Mar. 1976. Ameri-Euro Market.

Quote: "When British Parliamentarians advocate the imagined advantages of the Common Market as a Third Force to break the demi-hegemony of the USA/USSR, they do not mention the fact that the promotion of the E.E.C. has been an 'American' objective these many years.... when our somersaulting Callaghan (P.M.) was pandering to the reluctance of the British people to be sunk in Europe, an American pundit was found to say (on BBC early morning Overseas Broadcast) that if Europe would not unite on its own, the USA would have to withdraw its forces from N.A.T.O. and then Europe would be forced to combine for defence. European Unity would in fact have to be a gift from the United States.

Candour July 1976. *Revolutions Incorporated* by Appointment to H.M. The Queen.

Quote: "Today.... Without that great Act of Liberty performed in Independence Hall two hundred years ago, we could never have transformed an Empire into a Commonwealth."

Queen Elizabeth II.

Quote: "Yesterday.... If their treason be suffered to take root much mischief must grow from it to the safety of my Loyal Colonies, to the commerce of my Kingdoms and indeed to the present system of all Europe."

King George III

So they were both right but is that any cause for celebration?

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CANDOUR LIBRARY APPEAL UPDATE . . .

IN 1994 WE asked for £1,000 and you, our generous supporters gave us that, and much more which, of course, has resulted in improvements and additions to the primitive project and thus we return - I hope to no one's surprise - begging bowl again in hand.

To keep our effort in the front rank of nationalist



And still the books pile up . . .

information centres we must continue to replace and/or replenish the most vital information on the cause for the education of the coming generations and the rejuvenation of veteran's enthusiasm. So PLEASE help us to produce fresh editions of *The New Unhappy Lords*, by AKC, as well as new publications such as the *ABC of Politics* by your modest editor and cheaper versions of *The Learned Elders* and *the BBC* all of which will set us back in the region of £5,000. So: *aim at the stars and we shall hit the jackpot on the way!*

Please send donations made payable to 'A.K. Chesterton Trust' to: Candour, Forest House, Liss Forest, Hants., GU33 7DD, England. U.S. readers may send dollars, preferably by registered mail.

YOUR HELP IS VITAL IN THIS SECOND PHASE !

A thought.....

Just when Blackshirt thought he knew how tough, or perhaps how desperate the chosen few hard guys were to 'defend' their reputations and the land of Palestine that they illegally occupy, he found in the *Candour* files the following newspaper clipping from the *Guardian*, 26/1/95: "Abdel-Samad Hassan Harizat aged 30, died in the Hadassah Ein Kerem hospital in Jerusalem." All right, you might have found it a tough story if it had appeared anywhere, but this is where I and maybe you will find it a little hard to stomach; 30 year old Abdel-Samad was handicapped, and only 3 foot tall, yes he was 36 inches tall, Try to imagine the terror he felt even trying to face his Shin Bet in'terror'gators, sorry, "heroic defenders of the State of Israel". Less than 24 hours after his arrest, his lawyer was told that his client had brain damage. Less than 24 hours after that his client was dead.

Israel is the *only* country in the world legally to sanction *violent* interrogation. Their official euphemism coined by a judicial inquiry in 1987, is "moderate physical pressure". The rest of us call it torture.

Blackshirt does not look forward to the day when he could beat to pulp 3 foot tall adult Zionists but finds that the 6 foot tall ones squeal enough....

FINAL CONFLICT

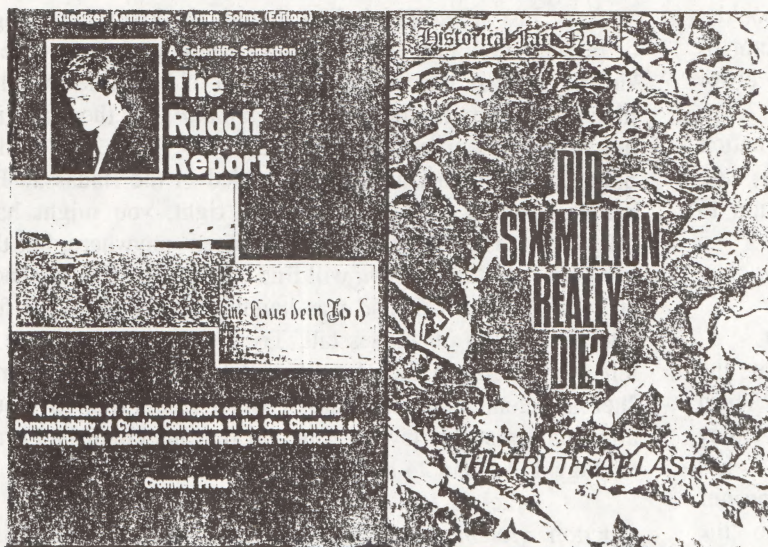
Youth Magazine for National Revolutionaries - against Capitalism and Communism. Send 4 x 1st Class stamps for sample issue to: FINAL CONFLICT, BCM 6358, LONDON, WCIN 3XX.

THE TRUTH AT LAST

The editor of this excellent, very hard-hitting, monthly newspaper is offering a 6 issue subscription to British readers for no more than a five pound note. Please send your fiver to: THE TRUTH AT LAST, P.O. Box 1211, Marietta, Georgia 30061, USA.

LEGION TAPES

For a full listing of our nationalist, historical and revisionist audio tapes send a stamped SAE to: LEGION TAPES, BCM 6358, LONDON, WCIN 3XX.



Now, we would suggest, is the best opportunity to stock up on literature, videos and other items which seem likely to find themselves on the political "Index", i.e. to be "banned" sooner rather than later. The new religion, with its Temples, (Holocaust Museums), High Priests and the rest of the Sanhedrin now purged of possible Nicodemuses and Josephs of Arimathea, rules Kings, Presidents, Judges and most law-makers, upholders and guardians thereof. Whether a Straw or a Howard be its front man, its intention is clear: To make indefensible the *right* of everyman to speak his mind. By force of Law to erode the remains of "free speech"....

BOOKS FROM FOREST HOUSE

DID SIX MILLION REALLY DIE?

The all-time revisionist best seller. This is an ideal introductory work for anyone new to revisionism, or wishing to tell people "the truth at last". This booklet clearly and concisely shows that the Six Million tale is a falsehood. 28 pages. £ 2.50p (\$5 Overseas).

THE PROTOCOLS OF THE MEETINGS OF THE LEARNED ELDERS OF ZION.

"Having been translated into every language since it was first brought to light in 1919 and having reached over a *million* sales in the *English* editions alone, this remarkable set of documents is in greater demand than ever today." A translation of the minutes of secret meetings of leading Zionists, discovered in Russia, at the beginning of the century. Totally exposes the aims of the Zionist movement for *World* domination. 80 pages. £ 4 (\$8) incl P&P.

THE RUDOLF REPORT: A Scientific Sensation.

"A discussion of the Rudolf Report on the formation and demonstrability of cyanide compound in the gas chambers at Auschwitz, with additional research findings on the 'Holocaust'." 16 pages. Magazine format. £ 3 (\$6) incl. P&P.

(Please note that we are always pleased to receive U.S. dollar bills, which many of our Overseas customers find more convenient to send rather than converting their payment to British Sterling cheques. The dollar prices indicated include Post & Packing. If sending sterling cheques from Overseas please add 15% to total.)

Please make all cheques or Postal Orders payable to "The A.K. Chesterton Trust" and send to Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire, England, GU33 7DD.

Holocaust disbelievers face prison

FREEDOM VIDEOS

THE ANNE FRANK DIARY HOAX + Leuchter Holocaust Trial.

For the first time on video, experts investigate and so demolish "The Anne Frank Diary Hoax". Ernst Zundel, Ditleb Felderer and Eric Thomson analyse one of the most famous and emotional pillars of the 'Holocaust' legend. The "diary" is required reading in many schools around the world and has been translated into at least 53 languages. A new "expanded" version has now appeared!

2 Hours 10 Mins. Colour.

THE GREAT HOLOCAUST TRIALS.

In the catalogue of heresies, none is regarded by the modern secular-liberal state as more pernicious or offensive than the denial of the Jewish "*holocaust*", as dissident German-Canadian publisher Ernst Zundel discovered in the fateful Orwellian year of 1984. In that year Zundel was prosecuted for publishing a pamphlet of "holocaust revisionism", titled "*Did Six Million Really Die?*". The ensuing show trial in Toronto in 1985 occupied front pages and television screens throughout Canada and was widely reported in the USA and Europe. The inquisition became a trial of the "*holocaust*" itself. The first hour of this video is taken up by exciting footage of the trial and the often violent anti-Zundel demonstrations outside the Court. Now that Ernst Zundel has finally won his case in Canada, after ten years of struggle, this video ranks as a **classic** collectors item.

The second part of this video is an interview by Zundel of Jim Keegstra, an Alberta teacher, who was hounded out of his job for teaching an alternative version of the 'holocaust'.

1 Hour 40 mins. Colour.

As a **SPECIAL 'HOLOCAUST' OFFER** both the above videos are available to *Candour* readers for just 20 pounds the pair, anywhere in the world! (Or \$30 U.S.) Mention *Candour* and we will also send you the video "*Goldsteins' Massacre at the Mosque*"!

Send your orders to, Freedom Videos, Box 1, Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire, GU33 7DD. England.

CANDOUR SUBSCRIPTION RATES

U.K. £15 OVERSEAS £20 U.S.\$30 AIRMAIL PER ANNUM

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